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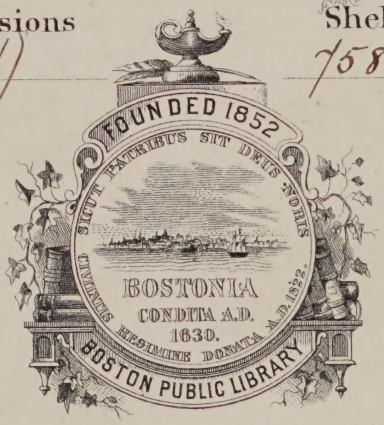

Received Aug. 21, 1889.

Temple Themes.

CRIMINALITY OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY GEO. C. LORIMER,

Minister at the Temple.

Preached before the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, at Tremont Temple, Feb'y 23d, 1879.

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How hard that freedom to recall!
For dreadful truth it is, that men
Forget the heavens from which they fall."

Coventry Patmore.

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PRESS OF J. E. SIMONDS, 50 BROMFIELD STREET.

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CRIMINALITY OF INTEMPERANCE.

A SERMON.

"Nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God."
1 Cor. 6: 10.

Writing by inspiration, the apostle Paul reports an authoritative black list of the unhappy characters who shall have no place in the heavenly kingdom. The excluded and disinherited ones make up a melancholy, repulsive throng of thieves, adulterers, revilers, extortioners, and of drunkards as well. This latter class of evil doers is put upon a level with the others. As they stumble and stagger towards Eternity, the Gates of Glory roll slowly and solemnly together, their clanging echo sounding through shoreless space in despairing ears the tremendous declaration of the text. The malodorous breath of the intemperate shall never pollute the pure atmosphere of Bliss; nor their mental and moral imbecility excite pity or disgust among the saved; nor their profane vaporing or wild delirium mingle its horrid dissonance with the sweet consonance of holy praise.

Scripture emphatically confirms the certainty of this

doom by maintaining the sinfulness and infamy of the habit which entails it. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine." "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, ... *drunkenness*, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Such passages could be multiplied, but these are sufficient to prove that the Holy Spirit fixes on intemperance an unmistakable moral character. According to His decision, it is sin, not disease; guilt, not misfortune; an evil to be condemned, not condoned; a vice to be execrated, not extenuated.

I am apprehensive that sometimes in the sentimental philanthropism of our age this distinction is frequently overlooked. We seem inclined to accept personal and social iniquities, and the miseries consequent thereon, as inevitable and incurable, except by Heaven. Consequently, the deep guilt of the drunkard is not sufficiently appreciated by some Christians, and is entirely ignored by many small reformers. They are wont to speak of him as the victim of uncontrollable circumstances, while they reserve their reproaches for the men who furnish him the material for self-destruction. In their anxiety to free the party most responsible for the evil from all blame, they trace its origin and power to the stress of appetite, to the temptations of society, to the indifference of the clergy, and, impliedly, to the mal-administration of God Himself. They do not fail to pronounce unqualified condemnation on the liar, the robber, the murderer;

but they employ different language when judging the inebriate. They exercise toward him pity rather than indignation, and suggest to him, what his own conscience would never have whispered, that his habit is rather a misfortune than a sin, infirmity rather than iniquity; and thus, unintentionally, they confirm him in his vicious bondage. Now this incessant whitewashing, dressing and cockering of sin, instead of inexorable enmity, is a snare and a curse. The man who wittingly furnishes a drunkard with drink is vile enough to please Satan and all his impish satellites, but his wickedness detracts nothing from the crime of him who willingly becomes his victim. We have no more right to say "the poor drunkard," condoning his conduct, than we have to say "the poor robber," "the poor adulterer," "the poor murderer." Why should we fondle the former while we decry the latter? May they not all have inherited tendencies, weaknesses, infirmities? Why should the theory of disease be made so much of in the one case, and be so lightly regarded in the others? Evidently an unfair discrimination is made by some persons in favor of the drunkard as against other transgressors of God's law; but in my judgment, founded on Holy Writ, they stand on a common level of criminality; and while our pity should be equally given to all in our desire to recover them from their wickedness and misery, our firm condemnation should be equally expressed against all in the exercise of the same Christ-like desire.

I am convinced that until we see more clearly and feel more keenly the truth of this position, the axe will never be laid at the root of this Upas-tree. False premises always lead to erroneous conclusions, and these in turn result in faulty methods. Certain as this is in other moral enterprises, it is equally so in the temperance reform, where mistakes have been numerous, and some-

times costly. In proof of this, witness the lavish expenditure for Inebriate Asylums at Binghamton, Ward's Island, Ontario and Pennsylvania. These institutions originated in the theory that drunkenness is a disease to be chiefly reached by medicine. They were built to afford the so-called afflicted ones a shelter where they should be free from temptations while undergoing treatment. But they have not succeeded in their object; and the Governor of New York in his recent recommendation that the Asylum at Binghamton should no longer receive State support, because it is of no special utility, has, unintentionally, uttered a practical warning against erroneous views concerning the essential character of the evil we are anxious to eradicate, and from which we would deliver our fellow-beings.

These considerations induce me to avail myself of this occasion to maintain and apply in this distinguished presence, and before this community, the doctrine of our text concerning the

CRIMINALITY OF INTEMPERANCE.

To the Bible view of this curse some of the world's thinkers have added their unqualified approval. Seneca defined drunkenness as "voluntary madness;" that is, a madness not brought on by trials and temptations, but by one's own depraved self-will. Douglas Jerrold described it as "the epitome of all crime." Augustine, who had been familiar with the darker phases of human experience in his younger days, said, "Drunkenness is a flattering devil which whosoever hath no longer hath himself." And Shakespeare rivals them all in his sharp judgment: "Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." We may infer how deep was this impression on the ancient nations by recalling some of the statutes they enacted for the suppression of this vice. The Locrians, under Zaleucus, made it a capital offence

to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempt from punishment unless the unmixed liquor was used by order of a physician. Pittacus of Mitylene made a law that he who committed an offence when drunk should suffer double the punishment which he would if sober; and Plato and Plutarch applauded this as purest wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a senator for being drunk, and take away his horse as well. The Egyptians put some limit to the quantity that might be taken at one sitting; and the Spartans imitated them. Among the Arabians, government fixed the quantity that might be swallowed at twelve glasses to a man, apparently a liberal allowance. Let us hope, for the sake of temperance, that the glasses were of small dimensions. Lycurgus of Thrace went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down, thus becoming the most radical prohibitionist known to history; and Terhulus of Bulgaria attempted to follow his example A. D. 704. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offence for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne decreed that judges on the bench and pleaders should attend to business fasting. Even the Scots, in the second century, doomed intoxicated magistrates to penal shame; while the Carthagenians prohibited not only the administrators of law, but governors, soldiers and servants from drinking. Mahomet did not spare the crew of inebriates, but ordered them to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Were these laws still in force, many of our public servants would be obliged either to reform their manners or retire to the quiet shades of private life. But whatever may be their inconsistency, the constant surveillance which modern governments, even the most lax, feel impelled to maintain over the trade dealing in liquor indicates that deep down, even in the official soul, which of all known souls is regarded as morally the most obtuse, there is a

recognition of the criminality of intemperance. This, then, is the honest judgment of humanity.

I confess that I do not see how it could judge otherwise of a course of conduct which assaults selfhood and jeopardizes the best interests of society. A tradition declares that Jerushed, the founder of Persopolis, was the first who invented wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desiring to preserve some of excellent quality, they were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented, and their juice in this state was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous, and consequently had the vessels which contained it labelled "poison." One of his favorite ladies being weary with this world and desiring to kill herself, saw the label and drank of the strange liquid. Whereupon she sank into a deep sleep. When she awoke, she confessed her imprudence to the king, and describing the effects of her potations, he had more wine made, and it was henceforward used throughout his kingdom, and was called the "delightful poison." But mark you, "*poison*." They had wit, at least, to preserve its appropriate name.

If you will read Carpenter's "Psychology," you will perceive the fatal action of alcohol on the nerves and brain. The excitement, prostration, and general shock is worse than that which springs from the use of other intoxicants. When the blood is drenched with alcohol, the brain is hardened, just as the albuminous substance in the white of an egg is solidified by the same liquid. The quickening of the heart-beats and the increased rapidity of the circulation is caused by a serious derangement of the finer nerves, and is not a sign of health, but of disease. You may not be aware that many drugs have what is called "local affinity," and that the affinity of alcohol is for the brain, and especially for the lower or animalistic lobes. It does not excite the mental and the

moral, but confusing these, paralyzes the volitional, and excites to turbulent dominion the baser qualities of the soul. Hence the course of the wretched being thus maddened is either violent, lewd, or maudlin. He is afflicted with cramps, convulsions, partial delirium, restlessness, haggardness, a complete abolition of self-governing power, and at last moves about like an automaton without motive or purpose. Naturally enough, shocks to the system so aggravated and terrible serve to hasten the approach of death. Neison, the great English statistician, established from observations made of 6,111 drunkards, that at the ages of 21—30 the mortality among them is five times, and 30—50 four times, as high as among temperate people; and while of 6,111 people, 100 should have died at all ages, the intemperate lost 357. So, to state the case differently, while at 20 years of age a healthy man has an expectation of living 44 years, a drunkard has but the prospect of 15 years, thus murdering himself 35 years before the time appointed by the Creator for the close of his earthly career.

Were this self-destruction simply physical, we might be inclined to mitigate the seeming harshness of our judgment. But it is not. It is also moral. Under the fearful self-inflicted scorpion scourge all that is manly in the soul writhes in helpless degradation. The imagination becomes the chamber for unclean images, and the basest desires rule in turbulent defiance, not only of sovereign law, but even of common decency. For intelligence we have inanity and incoherence, for pureness we have profanity and profligacy, for faithfulness we have faithlessness and foulness, for energy we have effeminacy and effrontery, and for personal dignity we have moral deformity and mental drivelling.

Happily did the old fabler, though with keenest sarcasm, represent the demoralizing metamorphose which the wine cup effects in creatures made in God's likeness.

This he portrays very vividly in his legend of Bacchus and the vine of Naxia. Do you recall the story? As Bacchus journeyed from Hellas, he found a plant which pleased him and he carried it with him. Fearing that it might wither before he reached his destination, he thrust it into a bird's skeleton which he found by the wayside. But it grew so fast and the heat was so great that he saw he must have other protection for it, so he thrust it, skeleton and all, into a lion's bone; and for the same reason subsequently thrust all into the bone of an ass which lay whitening on the highway. Reaching Naxia, as the roots of the vine could not be untwined from their strange home, he planted it with the various bones which encased it in the ground. Then sprang up the most luscious grapes, from which he made wine—and lo, a wonder! when men drank of it, they at first sang like birds, then they roared valiant as lions, and when they drank more they behaved like asses. Wise teacher! but the asinine qualities, bad as they are, are the least harmful of those produced by modern concoctions. The poison chalice of today does more than to minister to inanity; it makes men act like hyenas, wolves, and tigers. In this state, there is no enormity too great for the unhappy wretches to commit; no crime they may not perpetrate; and no debasement into which they may not sink. Remember that it has been proven that there is neither nourishment nor health in intoxicants, and that all the food the most capacious German swallows with his beer, if Liebig is to be believed, can be balanced on the point of a penknife. There is only in them that which leads to degradation of the moral nature, and to the greatest of iniquities.

It was said of old, and has often been repeated, that "slavery is the sum of all villanies." This is certainly true of drunkenness. The ablest jurists in the world have testified that the majority of all crimes are to be traced to

its influence. One testifies that, of twenty-two cases of murder, twenty-one could be attributed to this cause; and over five-eighths of all the inhabitants of our prisons are suffering because of its power. Lord Coleridge, in England, within the past four months, has borne similar appalling testimony. The poverty, squalor, anguish, misery and infamy occasioned by it have never been told, and never will be until the angel at the last shall unroll that awful scroll whose dread record shall smite the guilty with an unending curse. Morell, Maudsley, and other authorities, have rolled up a fearful list of accusations against this vice. When the duty on spirits was removed in Norway, in 1825, between that time and 1835, insanity increased fifty per cent. Dr. Howe, of Massachusetts, testifies that, out of three hundred idiots he examined, one hundred and forty-five were the children of intemperate parents. In Sweden, where 25,000,000 gallons of spirits are consumed, though the population is only 3,000,000, insanity, poverty, crime and suicide are fearfully prevalent. These facts are but indicative of a volume of testimony which it would render the heart sick to present. Judge Noah Davis, in the parlors of the venerable William E. Dodge, of New York, before a respectable company, recently read a paper on this subject, and astounded his hearers with the awful and apparently unending record of crime and misery traceable to drunkenness. He eloquently pointed out what others have tried to do, the capital wasted, the army of men destroyed, the pauperism created, the immoralities committed, the families degraded, the brutality fostered, the prostitutes encouraged, the orphans deserted, and the asylums filled by the nefarious liquor traffic and the drinking habits of society. But even he, though he made his hearers

> Sup full of horrors,

did not tell half the story. No; this is a "Dark Continent" which no one mortal can explore. Stanley has

penetrated the interior of Africa, and has set before us the ignorance, savagery and heathenism of that sorrowful land. But what pen is graphic enough to describe the jungles, malarias, scorching deserts and cruel barbarities of this denser, viler, blacker region which we call Intemperance? What hand is there strong enough to write the details of such a continent where murder, poverty and madness reign? Before such a task we must all confess our inability. No human life would be long enough for such an undertaking, and not a human heart but would break before it could be well advanced. The thousands of shivering children pleading with drunken fathers; pale, frightened wives sickening and falling into early graves from the side of drunken husbands; mothers wringing their hands over thieving, cheating, drunken sons; or parents prostrate in an agony that whitens the hair and smites the heart as the death-knell rings out its mournful jubilee that at last the earth is delivered from a murderous, drunken child,—would overmaster quite the bold explorer who should adventure to penetrate the miserable continent where such drear scenes are the commonplaces of every day.

Is it possible that any one should yield to such a vice as this and not incur personal responsibility? Knowing what it is, and what it leads to, he that dares to trifle with it steeps his soul in the most awful guilt. He cannot in our day plead ignorance in extenuation; for there is no question in practical morals that has been so thoroughly discussed as this. The ravages of intemperance have been spread before the world; its subtleties, allurements and perils have been largely exposed. There is hardly an aspect of its solemn history that has not been examined and discussed. Parents, pastors, teachers, daily journals, societies, legislatures, have piled fact on fact, have made the most urgent personal appeals, and seem to have exhausted the resources of argument and warning to restrain men

from surrendering soul and body to this vice of vices. Consequently, he who, in the face of all this testimony, surrenders his manhood, literally "drinketh damnation to his own soul."

Nor can the guilty one be wholly excused on account of inherited appetite. I doubt not but that in some, perhaps in many, cases, it is exceptionally strong, and should soften the harshness of our condemnation. Where such instances are made out, I certainly would not hesitate to speak the word of sympathy. But we must never forget that in the majority of cases there is no uncontrollable appetite until it has been developed by repeated acts of self-indulgence. It does not grow tyrannical until it has been catered to over and over again. And as this is done in the face of striking and radical warnings, such as sickness, disgrace, poverty and alienation, the man who pays no heed to them cannot be counted blameless. There are very few, if any, born into this world uncursed with some native propensity to evil. Inbred, inherited, we soon discover a tendency to specific sin. If yielded to, we become licentious or dishonest or deceitful or revengeful. Society is admirably constituted to foster such natural evil bents. But are we conscious that they really extenuate our wrong-doing? Not at all. We make due allowance for the influence of ancestry; but when we have done this to the fullest extent, we feel that there is guilt involved, guilt that is mainly our own. Moreover, we never in our courts of law, or in our homes, accept the plea on the part of the thief, that increased delight in thieving should abate one jot the penalty of the outraged law. To deal otherwise with the drunkard is to challenge the soundness of our theory of crime; it is to create confusion in the moral judgments of the race, and lead to some such conclusion as that which the materialist advocates concerning the irresponsibility of man for any portion of his conduct. There remains another fact that sweeps away the doctrine

which is advanced to excuse the inebriate. He can master his appetite, whatever may be said to the contrary by foolish people. We have examples which clearly show that at every stage of its progress it may be checked and destroyed. Men have reformed, the most desperate cases have been reclaimed; and shall we concede that to be impossible which we know has frequently been accomplished? Every redeemed drunkard is a living and practical protest against the maudlin sentimentality that whines over the helplessness of the intemperate, and is a present and will be a future witness against those who make it a screen to hide them from the judgments of God.

In the *Sunday Afternoon* for March there is an article bearing on this subject, and a few of its thoughtful passages may be profitably quoted here in confirmation of our position. The editor says, "Undoubtedly the wills of men do become weakened by vice. But a will that has become weak is only strengthened by using it; and you do not encourage a man to use his will by telling him that he has no will to use. . . . . Fallen men *are* weak, and ought to be considerately dealt with; but you can overstate that truth in such a way as to do them great injury. That error must, if possible, be avoided. They must be taught that they have moral power, and that they are responsible for the right use of what they have, and that God's grace is waiting to make up all their deficiencies. They must be taught that a return to the ways of vice is not only unfortunate, but wicked; that the man who has resisted temptation for five years, or one year, or one month, has proved himself to have power to resist it for a longer period, and that therefore his fall is a sign of guilt as well as weakness." The editor condemns "the gospel of imbecility," and I do most sincerely and with all my heart.

Let this much suffice for the flagrancy of the crime we

are considering, and let us look at its prevalence. This I regard as important because erroneous views on this point lead to discouragement or indifference. There are those among us who are alarmists, who constantly cry out that drunkenness is increasing, and the race becoming more than ever enslaved. On the other side, there are thousands who never pause long enough to take in the gigantic proportions of this vice. Permit me, then, before considering our duty, to remove the wrong impressions of both parties. I should indeed be very sorry to believe, after all the efforts of philanthropic people to remove this curse, after all that the church has done, that the world is steadily getting worse. Had I this to chronicle, I think I should call upon the church and these societies to get themselves abolished at once, or at least to abandon their endeavor, and leave the liquor scourge alone. The best argument for the abolishment of these reform movements is the cry that sometimes arises from their supporters, that the sin they are set to curb is flaming out more furiously than ever. This is not the case, however, with the temperance cause. It has wrought many changes; and of the most salutary kind. Contrast our days with those of our Saviour. Read Juvenal, Persius, Horace, Petronius, and you shall find the Roman Empire full of drunkards and debauchees. The fearful rioting and abandonment they describe, let us hope have few parallels in our times, bad though they may be. But at a step come down to a period immeasurably nearer to our own. The aspect of things in England under Anne and the two Georges is frightful and repulsive.* Gin had been discovered in 1684, and about half a century later England consumed seven millions of gallons. The tavern-keepers, on their signboards, invited people to come and get drunk for a penny; for two pence they might get dead drunk; no questions asked and no extra charge for

* See Taine's History of English Literature.

straw. The landlord dragged the miserable creatures who succumbed in those days into a cellar where they slept off their carouse. In our times the bar-tender thrusts them out to perish in mud and cold. You could not walk London streets in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries without stumbling over persons incapable of motion, whom the care of the passers-by alone could prevent from being smothered in mud or crushed by carriage wheels. During the riots of Lord Gordon in 1780, barrels of gin were staved in and the contents turned into rivers in the streets. Children and women on their knees drank themselves to death. Some became mad, others fell down besotted, and scores were buried beneath the ruins of burning houses set afire by an excited mob. Sidney, in his life of Sir Richard Hill, completes this picture when, noting the difference in the moral tone of society a hundred years ago, or even nearer, he says, "An invitation to dinner like that which was sometimes sent would be an insult now: 'Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B., and requests the honor of his company to dinner, and to get drunk.' Fancy a party meeting in powder and pomatum, and commencing with the utmost formality of bows and dignified reserve, and ending in the master's getting up and locking the door and vowing—that the company should not stir till some immense quantity of liquor had been consumed, to the utter destruction of all refinement and politeness." This would not be tolerated in our times. When Dr. Lyman Beecher gave his energetic advocacy to the cause of temperance, the reform was sadly needed, for even the clergy were lovers of the common tippler's bottle. In his "Autobiography," he says that at the ordination of Mr. Harvey, at Goshen, Conn., "there was some hard drinking, and some complaint on account of the quantity of liquor consumed." He says that none of the preachers were drunk, but he does not deny that between the ser-

vices there was much hilarity, or, as he quaintly puts the matter, "the maximum of hilarity." The liquor to conduct that ordination in cheap times cost forty dollars. Dr. Beecher traces to such scenes the origin of his indignation against intemperance. He could not have been surprised at its ravages, as his Puritan ancestors were slow to escape from its power. They had so many foes, from the Pope and the king down to the Indians and the wilderness, that they did not come early to realize that strong drink was worse than them all. Drunkenness so increased among the sons of the pious pilgrims, that at last a blue law was enacted fining a man "who continued above half an hour tippling, two shillings and sixpence; and for tipplings at unseasonable hours, five shillings." Alas! this vice held its own for many years, and spread among the aborigines and the early settlers. Distilleries multiplied during our early history at a fearful rate, and it needed a strong nature like Lyman Beecher, and others with him, to denounce the enemy more dangerous than musket or tomahawk. Well, the reform commenced, and in the lifetime of that man the vice of intemperance wholly withdrew from the Protestant clergy, at least from those who deserved a standing in its ranks. It gave way rapidly before reflection, and it has been gradually withdrawing from the other learned professions. We no longer identify drinking habits with brilliancy, nor expect physicians, lawyers, and authors to excel when they are in a semi-state of intoxication. Sobriety is expected now in every man who claims to minister to the higher necessities of the race. Thus the snow-crowned mountain peaks of intellectual life have been touched by the sunrise of this reform, and it is creeping down to the humble vales of ignorance and toil, as the morning radiance first tints Mont Blanc and then bathes sweet Chamounix in light.

The banishment of drink from social gatherings, which is gaining everywhere, is one of the most hopeful signs

of the times. In New York and Washington last New Year's day, its presence on the sideboard was the exception, not the rule. At two gatherings recently in this city, the Marketmen's Dinner and Burns' Festival, the strict law of sobriety was honored. What would rhyming Robert have said could he have risen up and heard and seen his countrymen pledging each other and their native land in water? But there are other hopeful signs. When the Beer-makers' Congress met in Philadelphia, they found on comparing notes, that there had been a falling off of 30,000 barrels from the consumption of the previous year. Even the latest statistics of this traffic in Germany show a slight decrease. The total product for the whole German Empire was 856,823,220 gallons, and this immense amount was less by half a million than on the previous year. It is said that the consumption of beer in that country is at the rate of 160 pints per head of the total population.

Yet the condition of things is bad enough, and even startling. In England, the people seem to be constantly guzzling; and, with all our improvement, we manage in this free land to despatch 65,000,000 gallons of distilled liquors, and 9,000,000 barrels of fermented drinks. We have also 250,000 dram-shops where this liquid of damnation is dealt out. There are $378,000,000 spent annually for distilled, and $216,000,000 for fermented, liquors, taken from the bodies of little children, from the table and the home, to gratify this passion. More money is still expended for drink than for schools, churches and missionary enterprises put together. Besides this, the rum traffic costs the country 500,000 able-bodied men, taken from useful occupations, and affecting us just as an invading army would if taxing the land for its support. Add to this the cost of courts, jails, asylums, the support of 800,000 paupers and their children, made so by drink, and you have a sum total which causes Satan to chuckle on his throne. Two-

thirds of the crime, one-third of the idiocy and lunacy, and three-quarters of the poverty, are caused by this traffic. Do you wonder then that men and women become fanatical as they confront this evil, which they must kill or consent to be killed by it? Is it surprising that women and children hold out their hands, and, with trembling voices, cry upon those who are strong, "Avenge us on our adversary"? Is it amazing that, despairing of help from man, they besiege God's throne day and night, sobbing, in their crushing agony, "Avenge us on our adversary"? No; it is only surprising that any one can be dumb or idle or indifferent, when such a curse as this reigns so fearfully triumphant in the land; especially that any one loving the Lord Jesus Christ should be able in quietness to eat his bread and say his prayers, while the very breath of hell is shrivelling up and destroying the strong and noble at his side.

Now it is in view of the flagrancy of this crime, and of its prevalence, that we come to inquire what steps should be taken for its suppression. What shall be done? Who shall do it? How shall we so combine our forces as to attain such an end?

First, we must not despair. Some, looking at the evil of intemperance, noting how wide-reaching and malignant it is, have felt it to be incurable and ineradicable. They say they can weep over its desolations, but they cannot do anything to stay them. This is a very bad condition to be in; and such stunned and paralyzed souls are of little service in the world. They are worth as much as a regiment of paralytics would be in defending our shores from invasion. But, I pray you, do not despair; God will help courageous souls. If we are bold and have faith, we shall yet save our land and the race. But if you would accomplish anything, you must not restrict your activity in this cause to the one department of finding

fault. It is easy to pick flaws in anything that is done under the sun. We fritter away much strength in everlasting quarrelling. One party criticises the Murphy movement, another the Prohibition movement; Reform Clubs wrangle and divide, and the whole temperance camp is filled with sounds of discord. Brethren, make the best of everything. Permit all to work in their own way, and let not one arm of the service—the cavalry, forsooth—attack the infantry, or both assault the artillery.

Again, let no honest man be neutral. When a gentleman said to Sumner that he ought to hear the other side of the slavery discussion, his answer was memorable: "On such a question as this there is no other side." Do not seem indifferent to the subject when announced. Do not stand with folded hands; for he who does so is a traitor. Not thus have any of the giant wrongs been righted. Not thus was the battle of civil liberty won; not thus was the Church emancipated from the State; not thus was slavery crushed beneath the heel of freedom in our country. He who is neutral on questions of right and wrong is practically always on the side of wrong.

Let us look at the positive side more closely; and I first contend, if drunkenness is a crime, it must be treated as such. We must press this on the attention of the guilty. Thousands of prospective inebriates would be preserved from the terrible career before them if they knew that the drunkard was ranked with the extortioner, gambler, robber, and even the murderer, in the estimation of the community. Instead of this, they now think should they become drunkards they will be pitied and coddled as maltreated members of society. There should be laws to punish the dissipated severely. Now we put them in an asylum, and only when they are willing to go. The penitentiary for the thief and the free asylum for the intemperate. Why this difference? Are they not equally wilful sinners

against society? Which, think you, in reality, does the most harm? Let the law deal with him as a criminal by a judicious scale of terms of imprisonment proportioned to the frequency of his offence. Let there be no sympathy for him, save such as may be felt for any other criminal; and only let it be expressed when it cannot encourage him in sin. Thus let him feel that he is a gross sinner, and only by speedy repentance can he regain the confidence and respect of society. Under such circumstances, he will be more likely to come to himself, in the true sense, than by supposing that he is a mere unfortunate, blameless creature. More than this even, if the drunkard will not repent, if he will persevere in his iniquitous course, if he thrusts aside all loving effort in his behalf, then, in my judgment, he should be disfranchised; and failing in his duty to his children, they should become the wards of the State, and the labor of their father be controlled for their support. Under an administration of justice so rigorous, I am sure the proportions of this crime would diminish; and the excuses that reduce all sin to accident, misfortune and amiable weakness, and that utterly abolish the eternal distinctions between right and wrong, would speedily cease from the philosophy of men.

Then, if intemperance is a crime, let those who promote it be accounted and treated as accessories to crime. We now speak of the drunkard-maker, who is supplying him by handing the glass over the bar. These men know exactly what they are about. They are not dear innocents, desiring to refresh their fellow-beings with a harmless, healthy beverage, but they are thorough villains, ready to make their fortunes on the ruin of soul and body of thousands. The saloon is as much the gate of hell as ever the church was of heaven. The men who run it and support it are the devil's own. The law must shut up every such place. As well license a Fagan's den for the training of thieves as to license these establishments of woe. The sin

must be stricken in its strongholds. They are dens of all crimes. In them there are daily quarrels and fights. In them nightly the pistol and the dagger are used. They are fountains of pollution and death. If the scenes which are enacted in the saloons and rum-shops of this country in the course of one year could be revealed to our eyes just as they took place, we would stand aghast. Over this the State throws its shield. The State allows it. The rumseller points to his license, and says, "You are all responsible for these evils; my business you have made lawful and respectable." These stews of iniquity must be abolished. If the need of it was ever felt, it is in Boston, where dens of the utmost vileness have been permitted to entrap the young. It is not necessary that I blacken the pages of this sermon, or advertise wickedness, by describing either the resorts or the degrading amusements in them, to which our beer-drinking youth have been drawn. It is enough to say that they owe their existence to the liquor traffic, which is able to pay liberally for the privilege of keeping them open. Indeed, it is freely stated that before the police closed any of these places, they knew of their existence, and were silent for a consideration. This suspicion may not be warranted, but if it is not, and our force is so stupid as not to know of these festering sores in our city, it is not deserving the trust reposed in it. Take either horn of the dilemma, and evidently a new police force is the want of the hour.

If intemperance is a crime, then we should carefully purge ourselves from all responsibility for its existence and ravages. We shall never do this so long as we do not fight the rum traffic at the polls. But when we have done this, our duty is not wholly fulfilled. There are conditions of society, circumstances and surroundings favorable to intemperance. These should be studied and removed as speedily as possible. What I refer to is expressed by various writers. Thus George Combe maintains that

overwork and under-feeding are among the chief causes which induce the craving for stimulus. Therefore technical knowledge must be spread that the laborer may be saved from his poorly-paid drudgery, and have satisfaction somewhere else open to him than in the punch-bowl. Prof. Fawcett traces this evil very largely to excessive toil and ignorance. The toiling masses, he claims, are reared in such squalor and misery that life to them is dreary, that moral beauty has to them no existence, and wife and children sadden them in proportion to their love for them. In some trades an irritating animal, vegetable or mineral dust produces dryness in the respiratory organs and throat, creating a desire for drink. On this subject the *Westminster Review* testifies: "While men are permitted to breathe pestilential air all their life, how can we expect the love of strong drink to abate? Shorten work, or the drooping frame will infallibly have recourse to stimulants. Give the workingmen libraries, amusements, lectures, and leisure for attendance; good and cheap newspapers have already done much to elevate the work people, and will do much more; park excursions, woods and fields, sky and open air, all elevate and improve man's better nature." It is evident that social reform is needed. As the state of society fosters other crimes, such as fraud and theft, so does it minister to the increase of intemperance. If we would arrest its progress, if we would save future generations from its curse, we must charge ourselves with the responsibility of removing the evils which have been pointed out by the writers we have quoted.

But while we labor in this direction we should prove to the drunkard our detestation of his crime, and our desire to save him from its curse, by abstaining on our part from even the temperate use of that which degrades him. Understand me, I do not claim that he who touches drink moderately is to be confounded with the intemperate. We gain nothing by such statements, statements that will

not bear the test of criticism. There is no law forbidding men to handle money, because some around them are inclined to steal; and yet it is but considerate charity for them to put as little temptation in their way as possible; and where intemperance is so common, the example of a sober man indulging must be pernicious and misleading. It is our privilege to abstain, and honorable the man, yea, and Christ-like too, who for the sake of others denies himself. If you shall argue that your moderation is really no example for the drunkard, who is immoderate, and so does not imitate you, I admit the justice of your position; but then your self-denial does you no harm, and may do him much good; for he sees in it your abhorrence of a crime which is peerless in villany. A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners drunk. Next morning he called to reprove him. The guilty one confessed, but said that he did not drink as much as his parson. Expressing surprise, James explained, "You take a glass of whiskey and water after dinner, and ye take another toddy just before retiring." "Yes, to help digestion, and to promote sleep," said the minister. "Well," continued Jim, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, or about sixty every month. I only get paid off once a month, and then if I were to take sixty glasses, they would leave me dead drunk for a week. Now, ye see the only difference is that ye *time* your drinking better than I do." Well, that's about the view dissipated people take of moderate drinking, and while there is an illogical element in their reasoning, they press it to their own destruction. I do not confound things that differ, but I am persuaded in view of this fearful crime, that abstinence is right. And I am furthermore satisfied that only those who subscribe to it take any real interest in the reclamation of the intemperate. The editor of *Scribner's* has recently set forth the same view. He says in substance: Nothing can be hoped for from the gentlemanly wine-bibbers of

society. They never have and never will do anything towards the salvation of the fallen.

The Church must aid in the suppression of this crime, by bringing to bear on it all of its resources. It has great power. It should uniformly maintain the abstinence doctrine, and proclaim aloud its great detestation of the whole liquor business. This it is now doing, the first ecclesiastical deliverance in this country having been made on the subject by the Philadelphia Baptist Association in 1788. Since then repeated deliverances have been made by all the leading religious bodies of this country. They welcome all societies that engage in this work, and in my person they greet to-day the body whose anniversary we celebrate as an ally and a friend. A daily paper reports that a ship sailed from Boston not long since, bound for the African coast, with 800,000 gallons of rum on board and one missionary. "A slim percentage of missionary," observes the paragraphist. If this is a correct report, it indicates that the work of the Church is not ended with its protest. There is yet need for more of the self-denying, lowly spirit of Christ to grapple with and overcome the enemy that lies at our door. The amount of time and energy usually expended by churches in extirpating this evil is not inaptly represented by this contrast between the weakness of one missionary and the strength of 800,000 gallons of rum. The forces must be more equally matched if success is to crown our efforts. Every member must be a temperance reformer, and every church must extend the helping hand to every penitent who seeks to be saved. Especially should Christian people feel this obligation; for they represent the drunkard's divinest, truest helper, — Christ. Knowing that He redeems the fallen, they should bring the penitent to His feet. From the days of the apostles to the present, the Gospel has been acknowledged to possess peculiar efficacy. Did you ever seek an explanation of

this fact? I have; and I am convinced that the saving power of the Gospel on the intemperate is to be found in the doctrine of this discourse. It proclaims his sin. This the guilty man has felt all along, but he never could break away from the habit, for its wickedness would rise up and haunt him. The horrid vision of his crime drove him to seek oblivion in its repetition; but when, in the pungency of his remorse, he sought advice, and from the Gospel learned that the Saviour's blood had atoned for guilt, and that he could begin his life anew, with the past stains gone, with a future before him, he yielded to such grace and power. If any one supposes that the remarkable efficacy of the Gospel is to be accounted for on the mere supposition that it shows the wretched man what kind of life he ought to lead, he is mistaken; for what the fallen requires is a Saviour more than an example, a Redeemer more than a model, a helper more than a preacher. It is the singular moral power inherent in the idea of an atonement that succeeds. This it is that rouses the conscience, and then pacifies it; it is this that alarms and then stills the soul; it is this that awakens an ideal of righteousness, and leads the sinner towards its actualization.

Unconverted, storm-tossed, passion-blinded men, in Christ is your hope! The way to Him from your present condition may demand a struggle and fierce agony; but rather endure all than perish as you are. You shall find your rest and safety in Him. It is an old and beautiful Portuguese legend that traces to the influence of the Southern Cross the calm that reigns on the Pacific. Round the stormy cape the first adventurers sailed, through darkness and through tempest, but there, beneath that cross of stars, they saw the placid silver ocean slumbering in their light. Do you wonder that they traced this wave-subduing power to the stellar sign of their salvation?—a sign that had conquered kings and warriors. O intemperate man, there

lies the blue, calm sea of peace for thee just beneath the blessed cross. Steer thy shattered bark thither, though the cold and snow lie in thy soul. Steer on! and, sweeping round the cape,—the cape of *Resolute Decision*, life's turning-point,—thou shalt join the innumerable navies who, with whitened sails and singing breezes, beneath radiant skies, make for the port of bliss.

Friends of temperance, in this work you are engaged, and it is my privilege to bid you, one and all, God-speed. Let us not be discouraged at the awful degradation and debasement of the humanity we would elevate. Though it is foul and feculent, there lie latent in it the grandest and noblest possibilities. Ruskin has reminded us that the blackest slime of a beaten foot-path, composed of soot, clay, sand and water, squeezing defilement out beneath our tread, is capable of being transformed in Nature's laboratory into the most varied and precious forms. Thus the clay in the process of time, under proper conditions, becomes white, and clear, and hard, and so firmly set that it can reflect in a wonderful way heaven's blue; we call it Sapphire. Then the sand, acted on by outside agencies, arranges itself in mysterious parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, red rays; we call it Opal. The soot cannot be made white at first, but at last the transmutation takes place, and for the blackness which it had it obtains the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once; we call it Diamond. Last of all, the water filtered by the sun's fervid grace attains the form of lovely dewdrop, glistens as a star, and returns again to bless the earth. Is this true of mud, and shall it not be true of humanity? It will be if we sustain to the downtrodden the same kindly offices that Nature bears to the oozy mass beneath our feet. To accomplish her grand work, she employs fiery convul-

sions and electric forces; she excludes from the elements she would transmute foreign substances and alien properties; she hides them in the dark, imprisons them in night, and there elaborates them into glorious forms, or by her potent alchemy transforms them into loveliest brilliancy. Let us in like manner combine our forces and our methods, expecting victory from union, defeat from discord.

Friends of Prohibition, be as the congealing fire; burn away the surroundings which endanger, and at least your endeavors may result in restoring the azure of hope to the soul. The places of temptation closed, we may expect the fallen to be delivered from despair.

Believers in Total Abstinence, propagate the doctrine of insulation. Nature makes gems by it; why may we not make something better by it? The success of your self-denying policy will advance the work, and add to the humanity we would rescue, the graces of truth, energy, and self-government,—symbolized by the opal's green, its consuming red, and royal purple.

Church of Christ, bear the lost one to Jesus. He will enclose him in the mysterious embrace of His atonement, and forth he shall come gleaming with the purity of the diamond, and iridescent with all the virtues which its radiance signifies. At last, Heaven, through your instrumentality having thus commenced, shall complete the wondrous change, and the reformed, redeemed, renewed drunkard shall in the end be drawn to heaven's glory, there to shine as a star in its firmament forever.

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